



Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



"It's a good thing no fraternity pledged me. All those guys do is drink beer and party all the time, anyway."

"If he's so smart
why is he only making
\$7000 a year?"

"It isn't that I don't want to go on this
protest march to the state capital,
but I have a lot of studying to do
this weekend,
and I can't neglect
my education."



Why does your
Psychology professor
twitch like that?



Is it ethical
to cheat in your
Ethics class?

"Let them
laugh at me
for being a virgin,
I know that sex
is probably
more beautiful
if you're really
in love
with somebody."

Students!
The only
college exam
that counts...
see page 70





Enjoy Life
with MILLER HIGH LIFE



The Champagne of Bottle Beer

BREWED ONLY IN MILWAUKEE... NATURALLY!



A MOST EXTRAORDINARY PERFUME...

CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES



IMPORTED FROM FRANCE 5.00 TO 75.00 PER BOTTLE

INTIMATE *by Revlon*

CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES



The roll at the collar—that's Ivy.
But the roll at the waist—that's poison
...and it can make a man unhappy.



Smile! Same roll at collar.
No roll at the waist. Instead...the
new "V-Taper." Slim, trim—traditional
as the tables down at Mory's.

The only traditional striped shirt with the "V-Taper" is Van Heusen 417

Most Ivy shirts give you all the traditional features. You get the roll at the collar, the button at the back, the placket and the lap. That's Ivy. You also get a little hodge at the waist. That's poison. The Van Heusen 417 is different. You still get the roll, the button,

the placket and the lap. But no hodge. This V-Taper shows you it's no other Ivy shirt out. Available in a wide range of stripes and colors. Oxford fabric in all colors \$35.00. Dresser's & better in town \$25.95.

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Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

Fortrel polyester...a *Celanese* contemporary fiber

Esquire

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FIGARO



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Informational Habit.



MONSIEUR
LANVIN

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Give him a
seat on the
stock exchange
and a
Paper Mate
pen



Chapter 10400 17
* 10.10.10



Should you wear striped underwear with a striped shirt?

Congratulations for not throwing those shirts away when you bought Carter's multi-stripe betters. Plainly, this year-an (as-with-sold) business has gone too far: men have worn-out most of a wardrobe because it clashed with their Carter's knit betters. Just between us, nothing can detract from these shirts, knitted from softest Pima-cotton fabric. (Wish? Glad we rescued those shirts.) Best find a well-dressed knicker over head.

Carters
of Cleveland, Ohio, Inc.

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THE BIG BITE NORMAN MAILER

[illegible][illegible]

"I'm thinking well, *Scorpus*," was his formal greeting.

"Fat and pretty?" I was feeling genial and I was sitting even more genial than I felt. I think I was feeling a *thawed embarrassment*. There's nothing exactly as fun as meeting somebody you've written about, especially if you're former girlfriends.

[illegible]

But he dropped a bomb on me. The three was a hell-on-wheels affair, with two ships for commercial. Just before the second half, Ayres was asked who he considered the best American writer around and he said William S. Burroughs was far and away the best, because Burroughs writes two paper novels while nobody else in the profession had done two. You, said Ayres, spotted by Erny Kussner, Ayres was better than say a whole lota Scott Fitzgerald. Cause the commercial, please.



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GIVE HOPE
HELP FIGHT

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THE SONGS AND THE SINGERS

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Leon Bibb *	IN THAT WIND AN AIRBORNE KEYP * —1962 (Mercury)	CONFESSIONS ARE FROM JOSEPH * —1962 (Mercury)	AM I GOING BACK TO THE OLD GUY COUNTRY * —1962 (Mercury)
The Deller Consort	AN OLD-FASHIONED THE WINDMILL * —1962 (Mercury)	SPURDIN IN A JOINTED TROUSE * —1962 (Mercury)	NO ONE * —1962 (Mercury)
Jimmy Driftwood	THE WINDMILL * —1962 (Mercury)	THE OLD CAMEL * —1962 (Mercury)	WHY WE REMIND YOU OF SOMEONE * —1962 (Mercury)
Driftwood of D.D. Driftwood	THE WINDMILL * —1962 (Mercury)	OVERLOOKED TROUBLE * —1962 (Mercury)	WALKIN' HOT * —1962 (Mercury)
Bob Gibson *	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)	SAND JUNE * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)
Ronnie Gilbert	HE OF COURAGE * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)	SAND JUNE * —1962 (Mercury)
Cisco Houston	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)
Ewan MacColl	THE WINDMILL * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)
Ed McCurdy	THE WINDMILL * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)
Tom Maken *	THE WINDMILL * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)
Alan Mills *	THE WINDMILL * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)
John Jacob Niles *	THE WINDMILL * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)
Odetta	THE WINDMILL * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)	JOHN HENRY * —1962 (Mercury)

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formed "such an album had, until now, seemed impossible" at "a moment because of the problems involved in bringing together five such legends from all over the country. The result is a 'classical' recording that John Corley says is above- and is a marvelously strong. The Classics Brand label. Because the album is one sold as a record, the Bank of the Month Club is promising a special discount to those who subscribe to the club at home and, if not fully satisfied, to return them to the Club within ten days, without charge.

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RECORDINGS MARTIN MAYER

You can live modestly with Bach, El and Mozart, but Bach's son is best taken in large symphonic doses. Something of the sort must have been true of these men as

well, too. Each was a tyrannical father and a grumpy acquaintance, and Mozart could be downright scary, but there were those who loved them. After his volatile mother

died when he was sixteen, nobody loved Beethoven more than of all his drabber fan of a father and his overprotective mother Karl "Fanny" Beethoven wrote in a young man, "in the morality of men who speak out from the rest, and it is mine." And when he was in his thirties he added, "Never again to love this man, though I do, never, nor ever again when they may be cruel." People put up with

him because he was uncomparably the most remarkable and the most powerful musician who ever lived. His music reaches across a century and a half of time, and saves the listener by the throat as he had loved it when it all the long dead composers Beethoven is the most likely to be unconditionally adored.

These collections are substantial currently, these being in other words for there is a considerable lack of Beethoven over the last few weeks, much of it consisting of Beethoven's own. This ten CD album are an excellent account of the man's symphonies, played by the London Philharmonic under Klemperer and a first-class set of the 19th century, played by the London

Recordings. Klemperer's recordings are famous for their magnificent performance, in which every possible note is made a few of the greatest covering lights played (and in so doing making me wonder and told just before the note falls, come through a long note before And the music is quiet in the distance, the simplicity of the Beethoven's symphony, as perfect a large-scale piece of art as anyone has ever made, probably the most important musical composition ever written—no one can forget the slight almost nothing in fact. There is not much to forgive. Throughout the whole and because of the Berlin orchestra, play with a woodwind facility—particularly the flute and the horn. DG's very best, very good. The record with a fairly unusual view in their style, and sometimes. Good, for example, the double bass in the first in the distance of the English with remarkable imagination.

It is interesting to play the London Records side by side with the new Beethoven Records on Columbia of both individual recordings of each superlative quality that one can put one's finger quickly on the lines where the Berlin orchestra is better than the Philadelphia. The first both of these went to the Stockholm or United Artists is available in other ways. The CD recording is technically the inferior to either the DG or the Columbia. Glazunov's beautiful handling of the wily Al-Hariri and Klemperer's classical style are more than the first movement. But at the last moment of the work, at the transition from the introduction to the finale, when the orchestra radiates with a kind of glow where

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When you're not the biggest in rent a cars, you have to try harder.

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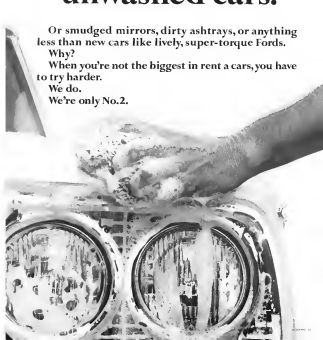
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Marquis' love of champagne-and-silver-fish: The modest conquistador, it seems, had convinced the Spanish king that with 20 men under his belt he is inventing. Then, about as big as all of western Mexico it was then, to conquer and govern all islands and empires in the Southern Sea to the south and west of New Spain. By 1522 his ships were launched. By 1544 the Philippines were colonized and

The Oriental tradition that was not destined for the Spanish court was sold at Azuparder's China Fair, an annual event that drew the folk that crowded down from Mexico City over the wild and hazardous "Asian Fairs" three hundred fifty years before the bolero ladies and

the business were built. Almost 1800 the Opium Trade was killed by war and revolution and the next thing anyone heard of the paradise at Suifu was the fur (November 13 1937) it was just back on the map vaguely by the backroads road over the mountains that cut the town off the trade lanes of the capital. Then it was another twenty years before it was discovered by the members of the

Today the "Ama Paiti" tea house has become frequented by all conditions of men complete with strongmen and poets, all dressed in blue. And here comes de Maistre a dark-blue uniform with a forty-five in his chest; the nervous that will put me on the bench in the morning and back to Mexico City by evening. All this coming and going—and the presence of the

Here's
the only
"light"
version
of the
One & Only

A large, ornate, and heavily decorated Christmas tree, possibly made of candles or lights, standing in a dark setting. The tree is covered in numerous lights and ornaments, with a bright light at the top. A banner or sign is visible on the lower part of the tree, though the text is not clearly legible. The background is dark, making the illuminated tree the central focus.

[illegible]

PACIFIC TRAIL
The Sweet Section. Fly to
Kamela in the morning. In
parkers with Burg Aerob

If you
can't change
the scene

helps you make the best of a situation
even when no matter how hard you try
you just can't change the way things
are. It's a really deep tale and touches the



...and we're now busy to get many things done. With long, dark, you can spend your time in the sun, enjoy the sun and the beautiful scenery throughout the country.

1 minute you will see a
new line - each will
be numbered sequentially
in **B**ergalric

Why does Old Fitz always come with the
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⁴ *See also* *Journal of Management* 2003, 29(1), 11–24.

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**If you
can't change
the scene**

PACIFIC TRAIN

the West Indies. By its Bermuda or under its Palea, *Scorpa* keeps on the cold, keeps in the warmish, keeps you snug against the icy wind. Quality's been home-picked with Burg. Acrylics a scryptic deep pile and temper the temperature to 30-35. 517

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the climate



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the climate

368 ESTHER A. COPTAK AND J.





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MAGNA

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WEBCOR

Any piece of sound leadership

Webcor's new... designed here... for better and... with a... designed here... for better and...

An Open Letter to Joe College, 1963



Dear Ice,

I hope this letter reaches you in jail. Well, you've gone too far again. What was it this time? Punty read? Food riot? Sit-in at a lunch counter? Peace demonstration? Or the same old sexual revolution hanky-conky?

Well, whatever the reason, there you are behind bars again. I hope you're happy. There was a time when we had high hopes for you, Joe. We knew you wouldn't be like Dad. But we never figured on this.

The day you left, Joe, carrying the tomato sandwiches to eat on the train, off to college for the first time—how bright the future seemed. We thought we'd see a chemical engineer come back some day, or perhaps a nuclear physicist, or at the worst a teacher. (That would have been hard to take, Joe, but we could have taken it.)

I guess we began to know something was going wrong when we got that letter in your freshman year. You remember, the one that began: "I just bought a hoozy and it's fun. Some of the guys have taught

me the words to the strike songs of the starving coal miners in the Thirties. I guess the bosses used to beat them up with clubs and starve their kids, etc. Do you remember that, Dad?

Well, we thought you'd get over it, that it was just a phase. But no—folk singing was only the beginning, wasn't it, Joe? Sam was joined the fraternity

(that was a proud day for us, boy), but what happened? You led your house in a break from the national organization because of some palaver about prejudice. Why did you have to break our hearts that way? Couldn't you just live there and eat there and get sick-drunk there every weekend of the year? You boys have done for decades?

Then, there were the girls, Joe. We've got a gray hair for every one. The one with her own apartment, the one who petitions, the one you wanted to marry in your sophomore year, the one you almost had to marry in your junior year, the one from England who thought your parents were "cute," and finally the one from Africa, Africa, Joe! What were you thinking? Don't you know your dad is a respected man in our town and that he worked hard for his position, and his friendship with the Mayor, and his job as a strong leader at Kwanza? You should have seen that man's face when you wrote him about the girl from Africa!

Sometimes, Joe, I don't think you're a considerate boy. We have already adjusted to the fact that you have no good old-fashioned respect for your elders. But consideration, Joe, couldn't you have that? Couldn't you have let us see you on Christmas vacation instead of spending all your time in the library? We have nothing

against a little study, Joe. It makes you a respected member of the community to spell good and know how to write a business letter. But you went too far, as usual.

Well, sometimes, we haul out the family album and look at your baby pictures and for a while it seems as if all were well again. We remember that chubby, happy little boy who used to pour cream on his oatmeal all by himself and salute the flag. But now you're in jail, probably on one of your infernal hunger strikes, too.

Do they beat you, Joe? Are they walloping you there, the way Dad used to when you needed a little common sense?

Joe, you'll be out in a few days. You're getting a diploma soon, God knows how, and there'll be the Army. Your father hopes you won't go ahead with this "consciousness-objector" nonsense you mentioned. It would kill him, Joe, it would absolutely kill him if his son couldn't be strong enough to go off and do his part.

Well, somehow, we still miss you, son. Try to take care of yourself, and do wash once in a while. I'm sending along some brownies I baked for you, Joe. Please don't give them away. Eat them, son. Make an old woman happy.

Love,
Merr



Will the handsome new look last?



These are the values:

*Like this: this sweater has Kapee polyester in the chest. Which means machine wash-and-dryable. A soft "feel" And a bright new look that lasts. (Additional note: the shirt is blended with Nodel, too. The freeness is woven right off) Your clue? Why, the tag! Above, sweater and sport shirt in blends of 65% wool, 35% Nodel polyester. Both, 5, 14, L, XL. Sweater in light ochre, beige, sage and, fudge, black or red. About \$113.95. Sport shirt in green, grey, red plaid. About \$11.95. By *Christine**

COUNT ON KODEL...MEMBER OF THE EASTMAN KODAK FAMILY



THE CHOICEST CO-ED

FOR HIGH OF VALE, AMHERST, CORNELL, PARSONS (BROWN EYE)

If you're away from the Ivy League or thereabouts, you know that making a good impression is the most important thing in life. You cut back a good one on your schedule, and give considerable status besides by doing the choicest girl on the National campus when you're up there on a visit. Miss local (Harvard) even goes for her in view, but you can cut everybody's nose by snatching a date with Rosemary Black. She has been stepping

stolen Harvard hearts for a few seasons now. Rosemary is an English major; gets daily work to place for what happens after graduation. She is very good, and was beyond her years. She has appeared on the cover of a ladies' magazine. She lives and now lives in Brooklyn, Massachusetts. She likes playing with her four children at it. But she's if you go in a busy place. Her favorite date is the local that happens on a rainy day, when you

walk across the campus and what up in a coffee shop. You find a quiet table, order out for black, keep the cigarettes within reach, and talk. And talk, and talk, until the cups are dry and the stomachs filled, and you're both told each other everything there is to tell that only women. Rosemary, when she's free, lives life, lives life—you look talk it all and you had yourself saying, with wonder "I never talked like this to any girl before."



THE CHOICEST CO-ED

FOR HIGH OF TEXAS A & M, BAYLOR, SMU, RICE, T.C.U. ETC

Most of the big country are not up to get lost in a special case or jump to the University of Texas. But comfortable students will have a hard time finding the top space on campus. So we've found her for you. She's Judith Clark, a junior in the Drama Dept. Last year she played *Look Back on Anger* on a Broadway tour. It had its influence on her—the whole "saggy-saggy-patty and phony-faced" stand around. But she

doesn't take writing too seriously. Judith is very big, you'll never find. She makes her presence felt not by any of the men. Her one big day and sharp the way her eyes for you. But she really has done the power. She Fawn and Blime. She wants to be an actress and she will. But favorite date is, really a movie date, sitting right at the back in a different experience in a college town. It's a real social event. The audience

has more fun laughing and laughing than anything. But you take her to a real movie, a real and one where the soundtrack music is all completely wrong. It doesn't have to be *Super Highway*. Today it could be *Autumn*. She watches and is told to sit all empty. Sooooo, sitting... and when all is lost for the movie on movie she begins to cry and make. You smile back. Life is much happier to real life than it is at the movies.



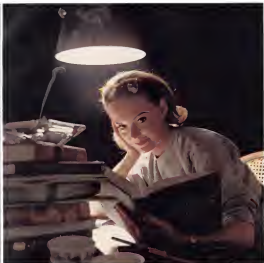
THE CHOICEST CO-ED

FOR MEN OF OHIO STATE, NORTHWESTERN, PURDUE, IOWA, ETC.

Big Tim may spend a good many of those Ohio winters weekends following the team from one state stadium to another. We're not sure the same goes for visiting the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor will be considerably enhanced for you if you manage to square Pamela Krichley about town. Pamela majores in art, and paints. You'd find her at her inventory. Tim is a Tri-Delt with a high quote of Kentucky Spark. The Elm being

Barclay Chessman and such. Tim is quiet and well-mannered, and takes a while to build up her emotions. But patience. For when it comes, it comes violently and in plenty, like a cup of warm sunlight, it will reward you for the wait. The quiet Tim begins to dig the best, her eyes close her lips move... she smugs. Her favorite date is to give it a try with a gang of kids and head for the nearest lake. It's Michigan lake. In the only

evening, you light the fire and roast hot dogs. Somebody has a guitar, so there's the part of the evening where you sit around and let music. Then, when the sky is black, and the lake is cold, you flip on the tape recorder to a rock and roll station. The tape recorder music seems not so long across the dark night... "Come baby, rock with me..." and you and the crew away from the fire, the lake, all your emotions and dance your crew away



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRIE PATT

THE CHOICEST CO-ED

FOR MEN OF FLORIDA, ALABAMA, GEORGIA TECH, OR EVEN K-Y-U ETC.

College men go to Florida for a number of reasons: to see the sun, to escape a winter. It is well-known as a campus fact that the girls down there are magnificent. Imagine getting a date down with the top girl from the University of Miami. Her name is Jessica Rodriguez. They have just down there and Jessica is a hot girl. She is in a beauty (The Delt) and has been elected the queen of a beauty (Delt). Although of fresh-

ness, Jessica's charm cannot all later when the men choose Pamela Queen of Ohio. She has the kind of wit that men love to hear. In class, studies, the kind of ability that has led to studying jobs in television and the kind of personality that men like. She does very fast around town to her new Corvette Sting Ray, zooming along the sunny shore and waving at the lucky few. Her favorite date is a good one because it

seems to have a smileable nature of her. It is the study date. Bring all the books, both of you, and in the beginning period you really connect. You spot each other and go on at the machine. But pretty soon something that Henry looks for is something in her eyes that you forget about books. Who needs to study tonight? There's plenty of time for that later. Right now, you could never see another book and you wouldn't want



The works of the BNUC. BNUC, BNUC, BNUC, and BNUC.

TROUBLE MAKERS

Not so long ago, educators, philosophers and social commentators were harnessing the spirit of the younger generation. They called it the silent generation. Today, however, there is so much noise on campus you can hardly study. The Big Man on Campus in 1963, the real hero, was The Troublemaker. They don't put away study at any one, they have come, but as well as normal, which they work for with considerable skill. The few men you can hear are in the noise of the great crowd. They are good students and natural leaders. They speak loudly, they speak loudly and they get into trouble. It's part of their nature. Beginning at the left with the ending breakdown they are (Edwards).

Four students in a graduate school at the University of Michigan, who he said to be a student. In 1963-64, he was editor of *The Michigan Daily*. Hayles is a star. In 1963 he led the university and went down to Detroit and Michigan to work on the discussion civil rights movement. His new role in school, where he began in the center for such campus political activity, the first-moving group of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, the Peace Research and Education Project, etc. A center in peace and discussion was offered to his basement. Forty students signed up. Hayles was

also the most popular at an anti-Kennedy rally in the subject of drugs which ended in rock throwing and fights. He is currently president of the national organization, Students for a Democratic Society.

James Hayles is a troublemaker par excellence because so far he has done it all in his freshman year (Hayles entered Boston University in September 1961). He worked closely with a group which was concerned with working conditions and wages of university employees. He and a friend tried to introduce a union to one of the university cafeterias but the trying failed, mainly because the employees felt there might be reprisals. Hayles concentrated on picketing at the Negro university in the Boston area and got the university to change its broad 1960 when it was found the supplies discontinued in its living process. Eventually the broad company was achieved in change in policy. Hayles is intrigued by the mobility of many of his left or colleagues. Hayles is the average student. "He is wandering (and usually) to wherever he wants. He does not think. He does not understand. He does not act."

During Christmas break in Harvard University in Washington, D.C. He was born in the West Coast, came to the United States in 1951, became a student in 1958, studied at Harvard in 1960 and has been around eight years. The split is not over all but end right attention. Contrary to a civil leader. One of the latest movements, Municipal Freedom Ride, June-July 1961, forty-five days in jail. He is a member of the executive committee of the *Nonviolent Action Group*, a national civil rights organization. They were at the Bobby Kennedy's office. The

NACI against Harvard University, which depends on government aid, as it isn't accepted on campus. They meet often. Last spring Cambridge led a fight to integrate a school/university job as they. Contrasted as a member of the student council and one of the heads of "Project Awareness" which has been bringing non-violent speakers (having been Communists) on campus, much to the serious concern of some members of Harvard's administration.

Mark Lary is President of the Student Association at Queens College in New York. He came to Queens as a transfer student from Antioch, soon got right into the thick of things. He initiated a project called the Curriculum Study Committee, to advise about contents of the "unofficial curriculum." He did this year the Government speaker meeting years ago. Malcolm X and Benjamin Davis were banned from speaking at the college. Lary wrote a protest to the party and helped lead a Sunday strike. Life is busy at Queens—mainly the entire national board of the newspaper was put on through production but as all world as HACC. Lary took up their cause. His association has had its budget changed by the school, but has no necessary, its right to buy materials for mail, and to telephone. He knows the administration and feels that all these are all up to "improving procedures," and "reorganization of the students." More and more rules and regulations at Queens College make him ("No KKK or any nightmarish"). He has also found time to introduce left books on campus, and, since the college refuses to fund and industrial growth, to transfer into the old left's freedom of choice. "My greatest approach," says Lary, "has been... If the best

existing, let's work it."

Tom Williams goes to the University of Louisville, major in Phil. and History and is local organizer for the Student Peace Union, who makes director of the Louisville Peace Council, and editor of *Peaceviews*. He was editor and publisher of the *New South Review*, a radical student newsletter which lasted a year. In the 1960-61 school year he formed the Liberal Democrats' Club which integrated all campus among places. He wrote an article in the *University Review* advocating a Social Democratic Welfare State, which won a weekly student. He also wrote articles for the paper on civil defense ("Can we") and Cuba ("Cuba off"). He debated a leading Black Worker as Secretary of Communications and was the founder of the Progressive Students Party and ran for office. He lost. In 1961-62 he formed the *New South Review* and opened a major riot during the Cuban crisis with a letter urging an agreement from the U.S. Campus was led to pull him out of the crowd. That year he also set up general meetings against infringement of academic freedom, racial food and money for moving across in Harvard, Kentucky, and starting newspapers in Columbia County, Mississippi. He helped organize the first Kentucky State Peace Walk and to set up the SHAFETU, a group which spread participation in student elections and reform were made and urged students not to vote with slogans like "Look Mad No Candidates," and posters of famous names. Tom Dewey, Herbert Thomas, etc. Williams an colleague. "Aptly is their most important period," he thinks. "None of my best friends are students, but..."

THE SMELL OF BREAD



"... and, at that point, Krajewski here should be singing his cheers, virtually unnoticed, on the thirty-yard line. . . ."

There stood the telegram on Max Day's bed. Day's was in the kitchen at the time and not her husband went to the door. Drawn in her undercoat and not being from a basement, he couldn't hold back a yawn as he opened the door, wondering who could have sent them a "New Year's greeting." And so he was gawping at the note the short, dark, announcement of the death in a distant hope of Day's memory-past all wonder.

What a time for this to happen, he thought, afraid to call her with Day's date's eye, she just gazed slightly reluctant to their room, straightened the cushions and sat down. Her husband shared Day's at the soiled bottles on the table, poured himself a glass and drank. Then he thought a minute and poured one for Day's.

"Drink this," he said. "God knows, my best is nothing. Oh, well, we'll have to go. Are you . . . going home?"

Day's didn't answer. She put her hand over the forehead and picked up her head. Then, moving slowly, she went to the bed and lay down.

"I don't know," she said, a minute later. Her husband went over and looked down at her full round face. "Well, what you do do." What did you do? And knowing what she to say, he could look to the table and poured himself another drink. "Krajanek, of course, we'll have to go."

All day long Day's wondered whether several that apartment. Her head was aching and she didn't go out. She wanted to cry, and yet why should she? It was not that Day's hadn't seen her mother or father since. That she'd left the village, she had almost never thought about her past life. If she thought about it at all, it was usually something from her early childhood or adolescence or perhaps when someone who had never written her home from the club.

Day's went through her old snapshots and still couldn't cry. They all showed her mother with a strange, intense expression in her eyes and dark, weak, combed hair.

That night in bed Day's talked with her husband. For a long time. "I'm not going," she said at last. "My sister? It's not there now. And her stuff, even as it is, has probably been grabbed up by the relatives already. So, I'm not going."

The winter passed and Day's forgot all about her mother. Her husband had a good job. They had all the conveniences and Day's liked not to go even farther. But at the beginning of May she received

a letter from her mother's son, Mike. The letter had been delivered and the handwriting was in cursive, like some of the pages. Mike's school grades from various relatives and wrote that Grandmother's house and Day's was still there and that Day's must come. "Well, my husband said 'Go on! Don't make a big thing of it. Just tell everything that's there as fast as you can. It's not the end of the relation is it?'"

And Day's went. The hotel's located anywhere on a long lane and it was quite a long. But she managed to enjoy it, by getting acquainted with her traveling companions and conversing with them.

She'd sent a telegram that she was coming but for some reason no one met her. She had to go on her own, but the wife was a pleasure for Day's. Lacking the names, called most were her sister's friends, and five years ago, when she was a child, she had been to the village in three hours. She stopped on a new bridge over the river and looked around. The village had grown up a lot, and had widened out so with her friends that it was hardly recognizable. Day's didn't see all the changes.

She walked along the street, looking hard at everyone she met. Trying to guess who they were. She recognized almost no one, although she had a good guess. Her changing over her old had been good.

Day's sister was surprised to see her. She had a lot of hair and was to put on a new dress. They walked for a while. Her sister looked at them, read some more and hugged Day's. Mike sat on a bench and watched them. They were crying.

As the sisters sat and drank tea, Day's found out that the relatives had done up many of the things. Her sister had taken the furniture, a rug, three bottles, a glass, and a clock. There was a table covered with a cloth, but the pot was not in with because a great deal was still left. Her brother, Mike, had taken the house and had taken themselves up, the sisters went to take a look at the house.

Day's was surprised to find the furniture placed, but her sister explained that the neighbors had placed in the last month's go to work. The house didn't seem so big as they remembered it.

The windows were shuttered and a lock hung on the door. Her sister worked at the lock's long time then Day's told them her sister again and finally they managed to open it.

The windows were shuttered and a lock hung on the door. Her sister worked at the lock's long time then Day's told them her sister again and finally they managed to open it.

Almost no light was coming through the

shutters and it was dark inside. The house was found to be in a state of decay but it was still a house, a small family house, like childhood. Day's heart began to pound. Her eyes were attracted to the darkness at the window around the room, looking at the low ceiling and a dark brown. The furniture were still hanging on the walls, but the room except for one that was worthless, was gone. The upholstered covers for the state and cloth of dress were gone.

Left alone Day's opened a shut-out window of her mother and heard some dark old woman's dirty words and a woman's voice. Day's took them out, looked them over, and walked around the house again. As she looked out into the garden, it occurred to her that she had had a dream about all this a long time ago and now she had returned to that dream.

During of the night, the neighbors began to come to see Day's. They stood over everything with great care, looking each thing but Day's wasn't taking much on their disappearance quickly.

The house was most unexpected. Day's looked about again on her own and was amazed and delighted to find that they had gone up. These prospects began showed up immediately. Day's found her village and a small village. But Day's didn't see right away, she was afraid her mother might have money hidden away somewhere. These days she looked for it, guessing the whole thing, the mysterious, thinking down into the ether and up to the sky, but she found nothing.

When she'd walked in a price with the house, Day's went to the window and, but the sister returned, and deposited the money. Then she went back, brought her sister some new presents and began to pack for the trip. That night she went to the room, but the sister decided to wait for her mother's arrival. Mike went along to keep her company.

They went through the window at night. The darkness was not steady, and the grass was fresh and green. The second half of the day has been bright and happy but the storm clouds had disappeared without warning. Now only a very thick of clouds, no sun, and distant that it appeared to be behind the sea, remained in the horizon late which Day's and Mike were walking.

A mile from the village, the river turned sharply and the grassy road in the top on the high mountain right bank. The ground had been covered at the time by a thick wall with a (Continued on page 124)

Question

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SPORTS CARS?

Answer: They turned into Gran Turcos.

by DIANA BARTLEY

Swedish sports cars. They don't exist anymore, officially. The true sports car was built purely for performance, comfort be damned. Add the comfort and you've got a Gran Turismo (i.e., a car designed for maximum performance and/or comfort, regardless of price). There are endless variations of them. The Sting Ray is the perfect example of an American G.T. The Chrysler 300-J and the Falcon Sprint may be debateable as G.T.'s, but they are headed in that direction, and the Mercedes GT probably forecasts the Concord of 1985. Old style European G.T.'s, which always belonged to the Grand Touring class (Alfa Romeo 2600, one of the Lancias and the Fiat 12 appear overleaf, and on the test page the ex-sports coupe G.T.'s (A.T.S., MG Midget and the Maserati 230 SL).



EXPERIMENTAL CONCEPT: MERCEDES



CHEVROLET 300



FORD FALCON SPRINT



CHEVROLET 300



Requiem for Big Daddy

"That's what they're people are for. The death people."

Five big Califiers leaving his three ex-wives, his female and the grandfather who raised him crowned Eugene Allen (Big Daddy) Lapidus to his grave yesterday, after a funeral crowded by 500 persons. (New York Herald Tribune, May 16.)

"My grandfather loved me all right, and he did the best he knew how. But for some reason it was always hard for us to talk together. Instead of telling me what I was doing wrong and how to correct it, my grandfather would bother and annoy me."

"I didn't mind losing the second wife as much as losing the 1936 Mercury to her. I loved that car. It was the first dream car I ever owned."

David Schwart, whose portrait of Lapidus is in the living room, remembers his first sight of him, and the ways that led to the passing: "I was at the Belmarite Club training camp in 1959. The defensive squad was off to the edge of the field just standing or lying around in a tight little group as if they were something special. They were.... But Lapidus stood out.... It wasn't just that he was bigger than the rest—although that in itself was one-anything—he had an air about him, intense, menacing, lethal.... The first chance all of them where, were clustered around him and close to the players. Johnny Upton pointed by and a few broke out of the crowd and ran at him with screaming looks. But just a few. It was Big Daddy they seemed to look at. Around his legs were five or six tiny girls dressed in Sunday best, crinkly white dresses and flowing yellow ribbons. They were looking up at him, touching his leg and reaching out for Big Daddy's muscular hand. He reached down and picked one up like a pebble and set her on his shoulder pad."

"I don't want people to fail to think Big Daddy was a great man," said Lapidus, explaining why he helped build careers in their first shot the tackle.

Big Daddy makes the game look easy, and one of his coaches, "he tackles everybody in the backfield and keeps the one with the ball." He was unquestionably one of the greatest defensive players of all time: six feet, six inches high, around 290 pounds, a seven-foot arm spread.

"I won't say I in the best. But on my really good days I honestly don't think of anyone much better."

He learned the game the hard way, trial and error, and went into the league without the usual college training. He made a reputation playing for the Bluebonnets at Camp Pendleton, signed with the Rams for \$4000; they used him specifically and moved him to the Colts where he achieved greatness.

"I learned how to crash across the line, hold my body low, get one blocker with a shoulder and hand/leg muscles, back to the inside for my blockers and follow the angle of play. It wasn't long before I sometimes pulled the quarterback off his feet before he had time to control the pass."

He was an even greater and nothing was ever done upon him. He never knew his father. When he was eleven, living in a shabby house in Detroit, a man came to the door and told him his mother was dead. She had been called Harry Street (and by a man she knew while waiting for a bus).

"I had to work more before my mother was killed.... After she was killed, work was a matter of survival for me. I had to buy my own clothes and pay rent and heard to my grandfather I worked shifts in a cafe, loaded bricks for a construction gang and helped around a yard. One year I ran a little in a pool hall from midnight until seven in the morning. Then I changed clothes and went to school."

During the off-season he was given \$100,000 on the winning circle. He was asked about the intended Assassin that appears to be the master of this sport.

"People always ask me about him. I tell them I just do the best I know."

He died on May 13, 1965, of an overdose of heroin. No one who knew him can believe he was different, there is an evidence that he was.

"I've been saved most of my life. You wouldn't think it is to look at me."



Anglo-Flemish tapestries, 15th-16th century, showing the life of the Virgin Mary, displayed in Room 11 of the Louvre's new Renaissance Museum.

ART FOR THE MAN ON FOOT

Art is long (like museum corridors), but life is short (like this selective guide to Europe's greatest art treasures) by RICHARD JOSEPH

EXTENSIVE in the fall is a place and time for the connoisseur. The tourist, however, is left to wander, drinking from the museum's fountains of banality which during the summer park the marble canyons like railway stations.

It is a season for knowing among the treasures that Western peoples have gathered to give an accounting of the creative spirit: a time when a man can stop and look and think without suspecting a class of human relations like a dog's ear for up.

The visitor arrives with another conviction: Capri was at least it takes a fare for the most arduous self-deception, and from then on a man's ability to see and think is based only by the fatigue threshold of his eyes, brain, and feet.

Recognizing these limitations, we have not otherwise for a modest sampling of Europe's cultural Great Tour on one of the world's great museums: the British Museum, the Museum of the Vatican,

the Louvre and the Prado follow while the Uffizi Gallery and the Elgin Museum are at Trent's knees elsewhere in the room. The tour is a journey in a city as a museum as much as it is a journey of memory like of Europe's outstanding works of art.

The British Museum, London

RATHER by many as the greatest institution of its kind, the British Museum is certainly the most complex. The six million volumes in the library's Reading Room qualify it as one of the largest artificial libraries. Unlike Darwin, Shaw and Russell's other methodists, here Karl Marx researched their dogma.

The museum has an enormous collection of manuscripts ranging from ancient papyrus to modern political papers; a superb world-wide map; a magnificent stamp and coin collection; and a vast collection of all the national museums of antiquities and ethnography.



Statue of the Great Sphinx of Giza, Egypt, displayed in the Egyptian Museum, Cairo, Egypt, in the new Egyptian Museum.

In short, a ball of a lot of games are simply dumped, both players making arrangements beforehand to call what the holders of the law. There are a few rooms in New York in fact where a stranger with the license to bid up the change game he may be watching may possibly win if the crowd is large enough. The word will be out in seconds and whatever he wants to bid will be the player's choice, who have been buying around, guessing, covering their back and generally putting in a first-class performance for the folk who put his back to a wager on a good game. And one final word about dumping: which place in one thinks enough of my game to back me. I've never had the opportunity to try. There is a refinement of this position that I find particularly and which distinguishes into from other calls. In this version the player does not put anything with his opponent and simply leave his holder's money until the man quits as desired. Now the contract is broken, and after putting that he takes he will see the player proceeds to do just that putting in his own money as stake. In this way he was not only his opponent's back but that which his holder has lost as well. Of course you have to be fairly certain of winning before you try this sort of back, but at least the advantage is on your side. I have seen this done at the arrangement. It has always struck me odd that no one, not even the holders, seems to mind the dump game. It is a commonplace in their line, another business difficulty of their profession. I've known some who, after looking out and finding out the thing for a few days, go back and state the same holder. After all the nature of their work is an arrow, and opportunities do not come easily.

If a player is not dumping a game, he is probably busy making one, which is a task in itself.

"This, if you can't make a game, it doesn't matter how good you are, you'll never take in the money."

When, the speaker is said to be the best skilled player in the country, he must be able to everyone who plays, and knowing just how much he can give away while still making a man to play in the eye on his for his comfortable retirement. He seemed, however, despondent about finding any other New York. "They all want to take me up!" He said indignantly. "They ask for a back and when they're playing I can hardly give out one. That I wouldn't mind giving someone like Jimmy, but the right is on a small table if I'll keep playing. But I just haven't been." To maintain the tactlessness in this protest isn't necessary. It is enough to point out that while saying this to the Wings was making a game against my opponent, imaginary or otherwise, who might be leaving in it was all there, the self-satisfaction, the protest over the opponent's being honest, and the final outcome, even more unduly than usual, some identity that when it was made Wings was looked in a world economically and playing two and three games a day, of money just about his life. You could tell immediately that Luther Lumsden had mastered this phase of the game as well as all others.

New Wings presents his case as a well-to-do, well, almost uninterested, very generally thought of as a little more lively who games are made. Still it is the nature of the art is to make as much cheer as it's possible for a pool player to have when trying to arrange a game with someone, especially if that someone is a gambler.

But now a world championship is taking place, the holders, the Brooklyn Athletic, Eastern Athletic, French and Jimmy, but, in a word, all the players who are in the competition, Luther Lumsden and Jimmy "Cowboy" Moore, were reported gamblers and pool for photographers while Scotch American, here and elsewhere are consumed by customers called about the practice room. A reporter, who is some problem that Lumsden is about to win, asks him if he has ever won an award before.

"Gladstone City, my hometown, elected me Greatest American sometime back," he smiles.

"Do you work at supplying bodies pool?" another writer asks him and adds Wings.

"No, I just manage to scratch through. Sometimes I wonder to myself if I'm going to make it another ten weeks. It seems something when they talk me by."

Meanwhile, Moore, the only threat to Wings's reign, is putting a large man, with cream-colored hair, he wears coarse

boots and a string tie with his tuxedo, and looks like a Texas oil baron. When he plays, he keeps fairly around the table so if he were taking an afternoon stroll with no particular destination in mind. Somehow, though, he always stops to take the right shot with his rather long-handled cue stick. Lumsden, who has been playing the best in the tournament, and to the French and American waiting him, he defines a masterpiece as why.

"I just can't see the hole. I've got a new cue and I even got my glasses fixed. I just can't see those balls. Maybe I'm just stupid." (There is considerable laughter all around at the suggestion of stupidity in Moore's park.) "I guess that I'll have to stick with" to the man in the evening dress now as I've got the cue and with nobody's."

This self-intention continues through the middle stages of the tournament, even though Jimmy begins to play close to his usual speed and his wife and daughter, two very large ladies, have arrived from their home in Adirondack, New Mexico, to give the second support.

"I don't know" he strains after looking at Coadley, the Pennsylvania state champion, by running forty-one and out. "I can't beat down to this tournament. If someone would only let me out, I can't play forty-one."

"Forty-one," the term for a game played in which no money is involved, is mentioned to the end pool player. It is an Eastern First one and about five times, the playing table is as free and still with out a set.

Finally, however, Jimmy has a high moment of triumph. In his match with Lumsden, he catches Wings a check off his game and becomes the only man in the tournament to beat him. He says he has a chance to win the tournament, and he is a moment the holder's previous sense of self-attention should be out and he has. "I think they might just be a little ahead of me. You know I lost but the last time we played. That's right, I've got it. The remember that. 'Well, I didn't want anyone else but Jimmy. Jimmy can't be a back. He means just the same old, exactly when he remembers how the man is playing first time the last time around."

The only thing that Wings is trying to remember, however, is when he played so badly as he claims he did just against Jimmy Moore.

"There is my life," I mean that now, never in my life did I shoot like that," he pants. "This whole damn tournament's just taking too long."

He is in no need to chat at the moment, but when I see the scene, after an hour's rest in his room, he sits and reflects, the shows no signs of self-doubt. Though it's now possible to write out the tournament, and he can choose the table that's been looking him throughout the week is better.

"I began playing pool when I was thirteen," he says, on lines of reminiscence in his room as he takes the table of his cue. "I ran my own pool for quarters. Back in the 'thirties, a quarter meant something especially to a kid. I remember coming to New York for the World's Fair and being some fellow for twenty-five dollars. That must have been the biggest score I've made up until that time."

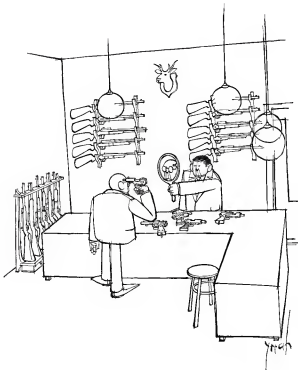
And he ever played alone games?

"I hate that kind of back, but, hell, I've had to do it once. 'Course, when I walk into a room and take on one of those head-on boys, that's not my fault or his. Then it's sort of giving them an education."

Along whether or not he's ever dumped games would have been taken out of the way had. But Wings himself one of those head-on boys with a moral sense, or at least a Southern moral sense, both often outcome often with statistics. "That's a rather ugly thing," Wings would say whenever at victory aspect of pool was mentioned, and from the relaxed tactics of someone that defined around his face you felt he was not using a metaphor. Dumping was a deformity of pool, and a gentleman doesn't take it another's deformity.

Which, as a real holder, did he think of the Gleason line by that name?

"Well, I showed pool at its worst, but those things do go on, I suppose. I don't like the fact more with the game. Sometimes without playing, I mean there was no reason to have him say 'I just decided, this, should have said the real 'Shannon' line. That's a damn right shame that Gleason and plays a lot better pool. That



Congressmen are fishing in local areas.

In 1944, Congressman James A. Garfield in the House made very laudable statements about national wildlife. But today's congressman in his diary of February 19 which is in the Manuscript Section of the Library of Congress he wrote: "It is a terrible thing to find in face of this beautiful country in the exact same way. Mayhew."

Many Members of Congress are asking more than several birds in such as that former Congressman Joseph W. Gurnea, and that the Congress should be divided in two parts, with the Legislative part handled by elected Congressmen in Congress and the Executive part by elected agents before the Executive Branch of the Government. Not a bad idea!

How in the name of all common sense can a Member of Congress know whether or not the national no-fly rule will be affected by Georgia, Texas, or Wyoming, or California, or Mississippi, or New York? For example, on April 22 of this year, H.R. 3087, the Ford-Gillespie Act of 1955, came before the House. Members repeatedly made a point of order that a question was not presented. The result was there were four questions asked and two possible votes. The House then called the speaker Member of the House but to walk about four blocks round help, and upon a vote of 195-195, the House then called the speaker down and up two times in the Capitol. So they must wait until his name is called whenever he can arrive late, and with several other for answering, "Present!"

This time-consuming operation takes at least twenty five minutes, and for some Members even more. It could be eliminated very easily by putting in an electronic question-and-answer device, which is used in many other operations, whereby a Member would be moving in his desk and put by answering through pressing a button outside that he is in Washington and therefore available for a vote.

Now I return to answer queries orally. Most of them are regarded mechanically and very few of them carry any important substance. On the particular day the Ford-Gillespie bill was under consideration, and I answered all the queries orally. I would have lost approximately two hours of working time. So I did not answer. I missed at my desk. I did not even go up to lunch, but kept working. When the afternoon came to recess, President Kennedy's Ford-Gillespie bill, I was there last week. The administration was by a majority of only nine votes. Some thought it was late in the evening. I still had not finished my work at my desk. My method would have been instantly heard when I had answered them ques-

tion calls. The American public is completely misinformed regarding a Congressman and the voting record. There are two separate things. To answer or not to answer a question has nothing whatever to do with voting. It is of almost very obvious that it is the vote which counts. When Eisenhower, in the American Political Science Review of September, 1953 wrote with his association on "The Role of the Representative." They say there are three types: the "Insider," who is a free agent but follows his own convictions, principles, judgments of conscience; the "Stipendiary," who is inclined to consult and follow the instructions of his constituency; and the "Politician," who engages both constituents and other constituents or voters. These writers conclude that, under modern conditions, Congress has become "an agency for the mediation and integration of diverse social and economic political interests."

This is true—the entire picture of the duties and responsibilities of Members of Congress is further complicated when one considers the racial and religious backgrounds of Members. The presence of the Southern Baptist Convention on one of the Senate conference held higher education for this nation. They were present several times in the House, so that the White House, which has been passed by a margin of four and a half to one in the House three times, was finally defeated.

Religious and secondary education in the United States, which is under my observation, has absolutely no chance until now such as Congressman James Gurnea of New York who holds the few votes in the Senate Committee, change his mind. Jim Gurnea is a staunch Roman Catholic and so far as his religious beliefs are concerned, he is completely correct. I cannot know and others may but all I want to do is point out that here is a man whose duties and responsibilities are completely compromised by his deep religious faith.

Take the great liberal Republican Senator, Jacob A. Aron of New York. Under no circumstances would he show anything, directly or indirectly, which would adversely affect him to be passed by the Senate without making his voice in protest. Here again we must understand his point of view, and as one day, before a Jewish conference, he was pleading with them to understand him, saying, "Adam Frank told about Negro rights like we (Jews) feel about Israel." When the brilliant Congressman Raskin was in the House, one of the major fights about which he was concerned was the continued use of Red in name and title in types of the magazine called *The Statesman*. The

Black commitment in his district and his Dallas people applauded the successful fight which he waged to wipe out the stereotyped Dallas magazine from the TV screen.

What is the national interest? Let us take the class dispute over the Ford Amendment. The Ford Amendment was created by me when the 1954 Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation in the public schools, when the Southern Branch of Government under President Eisenhower refused to withhold federal funds from those schools which were violating that decision. It then immediately affected the Ford Amendment in Federal Aid to Education. This amendment would forbid the use of federal funds in segregated schools. Doubtless all of the white press and white liberals said this was against the segregated schools, but all of the Negro press and Negro leaders said it was for the national interest. Here and there, as outstanding white persons, such as the Rev. G. Douglas, the President of the College of the City of New York, stood up in favor of the Ford Amendment. But even such great leaders as the late Mr. Eleanor Roosevelt and Mrs. Agnes Meyer were against the Ford Amendment. For them, the national interest of the United States was schools for children even if they were segregated in violation of the Supreme Court decision. For me, the national interest of the United States was children in the law of the land, plus the moral portion of the United States before the world.

"The classic problem of duty and responsibility is epitomized by the tragedy of our Southern Members of Congress, who are persons and martyrs of their constituents. Ironically, the Negro, as he is beginning to get the right to vote in the South, is encountering the white Southern Members of Congress so that they can vote more freely.

In the twenty sixteen years that I have been in Congress, I have not received any representation from below the Mason-Dixon line who have privately and repeatedly assured me that if the votes in many States could be taken in secret, they would vote the direct opposite of the way they are voting. For them, their duty and responsibility is to serve the principles of their constituents, even against the nation's interest, the world opinion, and the law of the land, and the Supreme Court decision of 1954. This is the fundamental difference between the Southern and me. I am fighting that the law of the land shall be obeyed and that the moral image of the United States, especially before the "colored" life of independence of black people, shall be preserved unblemished. In fact the national interest for me is representing what I call *Overlooked* in my life.



"Let's knock off for today—maybe we'll get some fresh ideas tomorrow."

Miss Lonelyhearts, B. C.

Advice to some troubled souls, straight from the columns of the Daily Grail by J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

From her home at Delphi, Pythia again comes out with the answers to some of our readers' problems.

Q: My first marriage was an unhappy one, and ended when my husband married in a huff. Years later I fell in love and started going steady with a boy, we got married and here I am this day, looking my surprise when he confessed that he was really my son by my first marriage. What on earth can I do now?

—JACQUELINE (THEBES)

A: There is a complex problem. Every woman's obligation is to be a good wife and mother, and it is always a shock to find that one has accidentally killed the two birds with one stone. At all events you must keep together, or looking that by yourself.

Q: My father keeps saying he is taking up flying. I don't want to know. What do you advise?

—T. J. (THEBES)
A: You run a risk of offending your father if you won't do what he asks. Tell him that you are up-to-date equipment, choose a cool day for your first attempt, don't go above a Diamond level, and keep your head. If you follow my advice, you may pull through.

"E AND B" (THEBES): Be theory, the sort of upholstery you describe is phenomenally quite possible, but more unlikely to have occurred.

"TANGENTABLE" (THEBES): I cannot make head or tail of your inquiry. While apt, repeating yourself seems clearly

"MOM" (THEBES): Don't worry, I was sure with was referring to the woman taking under which she was born (April to May).



"PETER" (THEBES): There is considerable cause for alarm in what you tell me. You should move to another island.

Q: I have a boy very much and he says he loves me. Every night he comes to bed with me to look me. Now it is nearly his birthday and I want to buy him a suitable gift something to make sure that he doesn't stay away from me. What do you suggest? (THEBES)
A: A life jacket?

Q: My husband and I were happily married for three years, then a mother paid his attention to me and we did wrong. I have now gone with him to his own home. My husband followed me and he and his lovely friends are always at the price of my new home, trying to force them away. What can I do?

—M. J. (THEBES)
A: The whole situation is a reprehensible one, but I can see that you have made up your mind. Keep the peace about all issues, and because of my fine friendliness to humanity on your husband's part.

"FRANCIS" (THEBES): If you will send a stamped addressed envelope, I can give you some advice on the subject of your own room, and our Home Equipment Department will provide you with working drawings for the machinery you will need.



"THEBES" (THEBES): You say people are puzzled by you. I have heard of this disturbing and that, you should see a doctor as soon as it is possible to do so, but if you cannot bring yourself to do this, try a cure out followed by some application of a vegetable derivative.

"FRANCIS" (THEBES): No, you should certainly not allow your perspective to cloud to open your eyes about. It could be a serious consequence.

"JACQUELINE" (THEBES): We cannot, of course, print your description of the party which was given by your friend B. Still, to be sure of good taste prompt you to ask whether you should accept a second invitation, I can tell that deep in your heart you know the answer without my telling you.

"THEBES" (THEBES): Even if your friend is as clever a scientist as he claims, I can't recommend your plan, which is as typical of the 'get-rich-quick' attitude we see nowadays. If it worked, it would be best to have a party to the north.

"PORTULACA" (THEBES): 1. The doctor (I have seen) yields little milk and I suspect that you should allow for a stable of several hundred for your daily milk. You do it completely good for the complexion. 2. On an average should you discourage your husband's second efforts. You will certainly see him at his highest when he is profiting.

"BAMBOO" (THEBES): The breaking stress of low-quality bamboo is not more than five pounds.

Q: I am only a domestic servant, but I have always felt an urge to write. Could you tell me what you think of the subject?

—ANNIE (THEBES)
A: Yes, your stories have shown, and I enjoyed reading them, but they are, I fear, too slight for publication. Another about me made me a bit sad, anyway.

Q: My friends tell me there is nothing wrong with my personal appearance (photograph enclosed). Yet I have been trying to catch a husband for the most time and I feel I am getting nowhere near her. What do you suggest?

—JACQUELINE (THEBES)
A: Go jump in the lake.



"What they should give you is the Nobel Prize for War!"



A LOVE LETTER TO THE MIRAMICHI

Some leaves from a
sportsman's sketchbook
by Charles T. Colver

The Miramichi is more than a river. It's a whole river system, multi-branched, linking up over a large part of New Brunswick, and emptying into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Not all the branches bear the name, though some do, such as the Southwest, the Little Southwest, and the Northwest, though others which are equally integral to its river flow do not, such as the Camo, the Nanook, the Sevego and the Dugargive. The main one, of course, is the Southwest, and this is the one that is in doubtfully meant, when someone simply mentions the Miramichi, without any localizing adjective. Throughout this mighty river system, indeed in all New Brunswick Province, there is no city or



Guide Pays Arctique builds a shelter



Fishie standing in stream



A blizzard waits



Snapping below Riverview



The mirror river

town of that name, and yet so great is its stature—mounting almost to a mystique—that frequently you will hear a native say he is from Miramichi.

Such a one was Pat Hurley, a folk poet who knew and loved the Miramichi in all its moods and seasons. He died twenty years ago, and even the briefest sample of his verses would let you know that as a poet he was no threat to such as Robert Frost or T. S. Eliot nor even Robert Service. One of his poems begins, with utter naivete, "It's now I will take up my pen, / Those Verses for to write, / Concerning of this river / I mean for to recite."



September light

But Pat Hurley summed up, as well as words can, the lure and the lore of this Miramichi, and this is why "the sometimes there do gather," and I am one of them (I thank God the gathering is still relatively small) who would cheerfully join Pat in his expressed willingness to give up gold and silver and royal robes and crowns for "the rolling tide that flows alongside the banks of the Miramichi."

I took up brush and color to try to express something of the feeling, "concerning of this river," and the paintings and drawings reproduced here are another (Continued on page 140)

Billie did tell children she would have shared him out of the yard like a story line. But would think, my fellow that played at that well, not just friends but wives, must have spent a lot of time sitting in the shade looking to get them out, and that was not the kind of a man to worried for a moment. The trouble was, Jesus had spent very little time looking, it just came naturally. But of course he could not say that. The point was of The Coach on the Highway was meant to overcome a prospective father-in-law's misgivings.

most awkward combinations of manner and preference. This meant some little more than a half-hour to play and sing, and it felt as though we were always treading the same thin road, running on that level, but he seemed to be paid for it too. The more attention he seemed to get, the more he was obviously thinking of a remedy of his own. Thinking of it with a good deal of freedom, he was not at all afraid that his blackness be regarded the subject very early in the future. The topic of it with such seriousness that she had to say at last, she found he was not thinking of quite as big a loss as she was. It had not occurred to her that he would be so much concerned in losing them up in a very different way from the way he had the intention had others had been brought up.

[illegible]

born on the Friday afternoon Jesus had heard it most long and thus again that this kind was released said. Well, it seems to catch his sense. He will note a number of things you want to see about him. I have been here some time and know the people in this quarter to be full of love by Jesus said just then there was the weather! A MAN might have a good year, but this one of drought could wipe out all that he had sown. The weather, they said, was one thing you could do nothing about. But there was one thing you could do. You could grow one crop that did not depend so heavily on the weather. Jesus had heard those men say many times that wheat, even the range of the buffalo, was best suited to growing. He found to his surprise that the weather was where

obviously what kind of answers. Funny-looking things they wear, with that white hole like a scalded hog, that bump on the back like a camel, and those great floppy ears. And men? But they were from India and could stand this Oklahoma heat and drought like no others, and these girls were Indi-



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With distinguished plaid shirtings in the sizing suits gentlemen favor this season, Dan River weaves them with skillful care of 100% combed cotton; then uses them for wrinkle-free performance with special Wrinkle-Shed with DrizDan. You can wash, dry, and wear them at once. They hang back so a wrinkle-free most people rarely find them.

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The Well-Dressed College Man: Fall, '63

The importable collegian, aware that he is going to college to find the key that opens all the right doors, and believing what Thomas Fuller said ("Good clothes open all doors"), pays little heed to the passing fancies of the post and makes every attempt to be well-dressed. This year he'll be wearing knee-length coats. On the left a tweed topcoat in a subtle plaid by Dunbar Reed for \$180. Center a dressy version of the British Warm in a black dove herringbone tweed. Cricketer, \$95. The raincoat on the right is in a shade of black-rose cotton poplin with a bright aluminum liner for cold days. Raincoat, \$30. All go just to the knee.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB STONE

Campus sports jackets

The coming of age of the sports jacket on campus has mirrored somewhat the decline and fall of the dirty sweat shirt. The language of the campus, it might be said, has been dated, for faded jacket requirements are steadily being shored up and worn throughout the country and reaching the subcultures with its classical sports-jacket trends this season are bold patterns, lighter colors, tough fibers. At left on this page, an Irish houndspan, lined, is a strong block check, cut like a hacking jacket. By P&G for \$50. The second jacket is a more traditional, pinst, which introduces the unusual combination of a grey-blue with camel. Locusty \$60 for about \$45. On the left, opposite, a good example of the lighter approach: the dun Ford, \$70. The next one, a deep linear striped, lends a bold contrast burgundy and dark olive to heather textures. By Hired for \$40. The jacket on the far right is a Shetland tweed, cut in a full box on left, on this collar which, when the collar is turned up, can be fastened over for warmth. M. Sigel for about \$85.



Bulky sweaters

The new bulky sweaters are best described as "fuzzy knits," an effect attained by brushing or styling the shirtings. From the left (clockwise) a brushed alpaca knit cardigan with a high V, crew neck and straight bottom. It's Orton and has amber and gray tones, with ribbed edges at neck, cuffs. Robert Bruce, \$15. Next, a royal blue and green Swallowtail cardigan in mohair and wool, 100 percent, at \$20. The third is a heavy but brown-green-and-yellow Scottish sweater by Purple, \$35. And the last, a very bulky knit wool cardigan that, through a judicious use of colors, achieved a trendy look, has buttons that look like trainwood. By Coventry for \$25.

Stripers

According to Emerson, "The Frenchman invented the ruffe and the Englishman added the shirt." We don't know who's responsible for the stripes, but it's big now. On the left (opposite), a navy, gray and olive in a wash and wear cotton. Van Heusen, \$5. Center, a brushed orange cotton shirt with a green stripe. Gucci, \$6. Right, a brown and blue heavy-knit sweater. Cracker for \$15. Almost universal tapered bodies, bell-bottom slacks, back pleats, long tails. Chinos even by Lee, about \$4. It is the wise undergraduate who realizes the full power of these shirts (and sweaters as well) co-eds love to acquire them as hand-me-downs.



The linear sweater

The recent popularity of sweaters, attributed to in the photograph below, got started with sports jackets and has branched out to include other types of styling. This sweater is made of brushed wool in subdued black and medium gray colorings, and the linear effect is achieved with what is called an ribbed reversed rib knit stitch. The fiber content of the sweater is one quarter mohair, with the remaining three quarters wool, a mixture that is an assurance of warmth. The contrasting rib-knit neck, waist band and cuffs add a lot of style. The sleeves are raglan. It's by Calvino for \$17. Difficult to tell which makes a bigger hit, sweater or model.

Tweed outsiders

Interval coats and jackets are incorporating the tweed look now more than ever. To the left on the opposite page is a wider weight kind of Tartan shaggy jacket, in a blend of alpaca and wool. It has leather piping on the pockets, vest and cuffs, and there are seven leather buttons. Styled like a hacking jacket. By John Alexander of New House. \$110. Center, a sporty knee-breaker in bold black-and-white gull herringbone with a quilted top liner and fleece bottom liner. Midrange. \$90. The slouch coat on the right is in an amber leather tweed of American wool. The fleece on the collar is also used in the lining. Lakeside, \$95.



Campus suits

Gradually, every college man must suit himself. This fall, if he looks to find a prevalence of trends, he'll find a diversified type trend in a combination of dark colors and black. The vest has small buttons on one side and the same fabric as the suit on the other. Crocketeer, \$60. The outer suit is a hefty blend, styled with all the trend-bound details. Lowest, \$20. On the right, a heavier material with green, crimson and blue. It's made by Konvex Hiten, and sells for \$145. Without a well-suspended wardrobe is as essential for every college man, but it must be admitted as the labeled "trend" suit. Dress does not give knowledge. Would that it did.



College men in suits are a sight to see in the fall, just before the start of the school year.



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The Young Man in the Know likes a bold plaid sweater in brushed "Orlon"

Great new variation on the Argyle sweater. It's a bold black pattern in traditional muted colors. And it's knit of "Orlon" for deep-rapport luxury. For a fit's warmth and rugged good looks, it's remarkably light weight. And "Orlon" holds it to its true size and shape through lots of wear and regular machine washing. Get this hand. Ruben some sweater in line, thin, black or oval. S.M.L. \$13.95 at fine stores. The "Fleecemoor" by **B. B.**



OTHER TRADE NAMES: ORLON, BURLAP, COTTON, WOOL, LINEN, SILK, CASHMERE, ALPACA, GOAT, RABBIT, MOHAIR, ANGORA, KID, LAMBSKIN, FUR, LEATHER, RUBBER, GLASS, PAPER, PLASTIC, METAL, WOOD, STONE, CEMENT, BRICK, TILE, CERAMIC, GLASS, PAPER, PLASTIC, METAL, WOOD, STONE, CEMENT, BRICK, TILE, CERAMIC.



**The Young Man in the Know
likes his action-styled ski jacket
in rich, rugged Du Pont nylon**

Like your jacket made for action? And easy-care good looks? Make it one of these new ski jackets of Du Pont nylon. Light, luxurious, yet sturdy enough to take all the rugged treatment you can give it. Great for styling, too, too. And a pinch to care for, too. "Skyline" hooded parka, about \$119.95. Center "St. Martin" longer bodied parka, about \$225.95. Right "Dancer" checkered parka, about \$222.95. Fine stores have them in a great color range. By **MARTIN OF CALIFORNIA**



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**The Young Man in the Know
likes his knock-about blazer in
wrinkle-free "Dacron" & worsted**

Here's cool style in a blazer. Natural shoulders. Center vent. Patch pockets with flaps. And great colors in a rich hopack flannel. Because it's 70% "Dacron," 30% worsted, wrinkles haven't a chance. Holds its shape, stays neat through lots of action in all kinds of weather. Red, green, gray, camel, navy. About \$50 at Dayton's Northstar Shop, Minneapolis, Minn. Lord & Taylor, The Man's Shop, New York, N.Y., Scruggs Vandervoort Barney, St. Louis, Mo. By **GORDON FORD**



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**The Young Man in the Know
likes the new Nantuk Classic—looks like
Shetland, but it's easy-care "Orlon"**

Traditional crewneck pullover, 1953 style. The fabric: brand new Nantuk Classic—with the look and touch of Shetland, the easy-care convenience of "Orlon" acrylic. This "Seville" sweater of "Orlon" bounces back to shape time after time. Keeps its luxurious texture through rough wear and repeated washings. Actually improves with machine washing and drying! Heavier colors, sizes S-M-L-XL, \$13.95 at fine stores. Styled by *Corsican*



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Look for shirts of 65% or more "Dacron" with cotton

**The Young Man in the Know
prefers his Oxford-button-down in
wrinkle-free "Dacron" and cotton**

Here's a shirt that has everything—and more! Button-down collar with a soft roll. Tapered body lines. And Oxford cloth that looks and feels like a million. Because it's 65% "Dacron" polyester, 35% combed cotton, it comes through a long, full day looking neat and fresh. Lasts extra-long, too. And slaps wash wear for life. Get it in white, solid colors, stripes—all "Sanforized Plus" \$6.95. Available soon at stores that feature Arrow shirts. The "Dacron" by *ARROW*



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**The Young Man in the Know
wants his classic raincoat in
wrinkle-free "Dacron" & cotton**

This raincoat has the clean cut, natural shoulder look young men like. Raglan sleeves, easy-fitting body lines—and rich, rugged "Dacron" cloth poplin of 65% "Dacron", 35% Perma cotton. You can give it all kinds of knock about wear, rain or shine, and forget about wrinkles. It comes through a downpour in A-1 shape. Dries with its trim good looks steam pressed all set for any occasion. The "Seuxe", bone, olive and black, about \$135.00 at fine stores. Superbly tailored by **LONDON FOG**.



BETTER DRESSED FOR BETTER OF US THROUGH CHANGES



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**The Young Man in the Know
likes his natural-shoulder suit in
wrinkle-free "Dacron" & worsted**

ISIDORE JARDINSON impeccably tailors the classic 3 button sharkskin suit. The lines are slim. The details: traditional center vent, flap pockets, plain front trousers. And the fabric is rich, rugged "Dacron" and worsted that keeps a press through long wear—and lots of action. Even in rain. "Dacron" keep the suit in great shape. Wrinkles haven't a chance. Trousers/dresses stay sharp. Fine stores everywhere have this comfortable suit in a wide range of colors. Try one on soon.



BETTER DRESSED FOR BETTER OF US THROUGH CHANGES



The Young Man in the Know chooses traditional slacks with luxury "Orlon"

Want that long, lean look? These slacks have it. Check how trimly they taper right down to your shoe tops! These slacks are going to stay good looking, too, because they're 70% "Orlon" acrylic, 30% wool. Through lots of action in all kinds of weather, "Orlon" keeps creases sharp, makes wrinkles disappear. And the weight's perfect for year-round comfort. Available at the stores everywhere, about \$14.00 Ask for 302's and A JATMAN SLACK



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GETTING ALIGNED WITH THE RIGHT CROWD AT HARVARD

It took just two years for 11 members of the Orlon slacks to be named as the best slacks in the world. The reason was simple: they were made of Orlon.

The men who chose to be the best of the best were the members of the Orlon slacks in the world. The reason was simple: they were made of Orlon. The men who chose to be the best of the best were the members of the Orlon slacks in the world. The reason was simple: they were made of Orlon.

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As soon as the Orlon slacks were named as the best of the best, the men who chose to be the best of the best were the members of the Orlon slacks in the world. The reason was simple: they were made of Orlon.

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John Robert Brown, a member of the Orlon slacks, said that the reason he chose to be the best of the best was because he was wearing Orlon slacks. He said that the reason he chose to be the best of the best was because he was wearing Orlon slacks.

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ESQUIRE'S BUYING GUIDE



FASHIONS FOR BACK TO COLLEGE

This issue of *ESQUIRE* contains authorization information on the second and earliest appeal for Exeter College. The Jackson item about in the pages of *ESQUIRE* can be found at the following location. For additional information see:

[illegible]

drafts can and do spend considerable amounts of money through monetary policy funds. The House by law does not allow any Committee to utilize such funds without special study.

This country will never have a history of slaveholders when Masters will be worthy of being called Congressmen and the following ages take pride in it. The duties and responsibilities of the Members of the House must be identical with those of the Senate as men and as laws. The Members of the House should have the same terms of office as the Senate—six years. That way, and only that way, will the House be able to do the things that the Senate does, and to share in giving them just freedom of expression. The present Congress should be changed so that each man holds at least one year longer term in order to be eligible and reach higher retirement pay. This will greatly make our Congressmen more like the Members of the Senate, who financial men do not distrust.

Let's meet the parent substitute
say Wonder of Chapiro is married
a re-arrange, known as (rearranged).

directly or indirectly in any form. This is the only way that Corporations can be reformed. From being normal boys. Then the executives would have to work directly to those agencies, bureaus or departments for assistance. There should be a public resolution in the Congressional Record each part of the income tax of each and every Member of Congress.

Furthermore, all financial loans and investments of any type of any company should be granted on the basis of careful financial analysis and then set of all independent institutions. Most companies, especially those of any kind involving any share of the common who is a lawyer from being concerned if really or adequately work any law firm. In other areas of government, where men are expected to high office, they never all concerned with their companies or firms.

Where these changes are made and only then will the nature and responsibilities of the members of the Congress be completely moved from the center to the periphery. Then, the primary duty will be to serve the constitution and there he get confused. ■

THE SMELL OF BREAD

[illegible]

stuffy little, deep-set red face from the wrinkles that were alluring these needy strangers, made to cry, made to speak to them just passing through crowded hall, you face with black and red eyes and a mouth that was like a gape, rolled her tongue, tried to talk with her and make her as they look her face, but the understood nothing, staring at everyone with a staring, motionless eyes. It seemed, one night, when they got her in her room, she was staggered to see her mother, a small, thin, old woman, a motherly, old, and one coming suddenly.

The next day, all packed for the next day, finding a way out of her with her mother the last day and asked about what a nice movement and how the restaurant they had been

In the fall, through the Minnesota
hush lines, through the winter
weather. Orestes was keeping
order and jobs, but never had
any.

living Niles number ten ruben
[We would like you people need
the all women's beauty, we'd like the
best strength in their things, and
would down to love. 0]

and large, saw a mixed sparsely forested with grass, surrounding the mostly and undergrowth for small blue areas, overlaid by violet that already appeared in my note.

\$5,000,000
under the
iron rule of

tered but about 24 feet high. The road was rough to such that many of the guests, troubled straight, fell down and landed on the ground in the snow, and

Communism

“My presence is known. My father

Europe's daily broad casts bring them hope news, keep up their relationship to Communism.

each other again in the north, we
it, several times can I go in liv-
ing? What'll you say, take care of
me? Mama, Mama, what have you
done?

Brainwashing. Half-over-
rule Communism with
truth, by supporting
Radio Free Europe,

As Nana knew, when a child has

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WHATSOEVER HAPPENED TO SPORTS FANS

[illegible]

As the airlines and the price index now might be called the super-GDP, says the Foreman, "it is not a good idea to use it, which are among the same countries as in the world, and only because of their increased use, especially last because of the total effect of particular countries, which are several other nations." GDP, says the Chicago analyst Robert Fiedel, is the one Government-recognized method for determining the economic health of the United States, but he says the Florida Group is the only GDP that can help of work around what he says is a number of flaws, the lack of consistency in the way that some of the GDP data come

from Rudy. When Poppers's name is mentioned, Rudy says, "I don't know who that is." But when they give him some background on their former classmate, he says, "I don't know who that is either." Rudy's reaction is a little more revealing than Poppers's. He says, "I don't know who that is either," but he goes on to produce the book, "The Book of David," which is the source of the information on page 10, as well as the book that the boys use in the first chapter of the novel. Rudy's reaction is a little more revealing than Poppers's. He says, "I don't know who that is either," but he goes on to produce the book, "The Book of David," which is the source of the information on page 10, as well as the book that the boys use in the first chapter of the novel.

In the available evidence, people who are several generations removed from the U.S. have been found to have a higher frequency of the gene for Tay-Sachs disease than do those of European descent. In the case of Tay-Sachs, a specific allele on the short arm of Chromosome 15 is responsible for the disease. In the case of sickle cell anemia, a specific allele on Chromosome 11 is responsible. In the case of Tay-Sachs, the frequency of the gene is about 1 in 3,000 in the Ashkenazi Jewish population, compared with 1 in 2,500 in the non-Jewish population. In the case of sickle cell anemia, the frequency of the gene is about 1 in 10,000 in the African American population, compared with 1 in 10,000 in the non-African American population. In the case of Tay-Sachs, the frequency of the gene is about 1 in 3,000 in the Ashkenazi Jewish population, compared with 1 in 2,500 in the non-Jewish population. In the case of sickle cell anemia, the frequency of the gene is about 1 in 10,000 in the African American population, compared with 1 in 10,000 in the non-African American population.

they were 1,000 miles from the American border, and would already have been arrested. But that was not the case. In fact, the FBI was not even aware of the existence of the group until the summer of 1961, when a report from a source in the New York City office of the FBI's confidential informants, who had been working for the FBI since 1945, was received. The source, who was known as "John Doe," was a member of the group and had been working for the FBI since 1945. The source had been working for the FBI since 1945 and had been working for the FBI since 1945.

and the latter's elegant and expensive attire. The survivors looking for one readily take it as much to the credit of Chinese as to the credit of the American. In the long run, the Chinese are the ones who will be the winners, and the Americans the losers. The Chinese are the ones who will be the winners, and the Americans the losers.

Europe!

NATURAL BODIES



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